

K Ap: 9th 1793
Bible - O. T.

PSALMS,

TO BE SUNG IN CHURCHES;

SELECTED CHIEFLY

FROM THE

NEW VERSION

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BIRMINGHAM,

Printed by Thomas Pearson.

MDCCXII.



P R E F A C E.

BISHOP Gibson, in "DIRECTIONS GIVEN TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON IN THE YEAR 1724," recommended a Reformation of *Psalmody*. He remarked that "this Part of our public Devotions will hardly be performed in a decent and edifying Manner, without some previous Care and Assistance of the Minister. I have often wished that every Minister would take the Trouble of directing the *Choice* of proper Psalms; or rather, that they would once for all fix and establish a Course of Psalms to be given out and sung in Order. By which Means, the Congregation might be furnished with those which are most proper, and also with a due Variety; and by Degrees, the most useful Parts of the Book of Psalms would be implanted in the Minds of the People, and become familiar to them." The Bishop "subjoined, by way of Assistance to the younger Clergy, a Course of *Singing-Psalms*," or a Scheme of Portions of Psalms taken out of the Old Version.

The present Bishop of London also, has recommended a Reformation of *Psalmody* to his Clergy, and particularly "that a Selection should be made of proper Portions of the Psalms from the New Version."

These are Authorities, which, I trust, will sufficiently justify this Attempt to furnish my Parishioners with a Selection of proper Portions of the Psalms.

My first Object in this Selection was to make it a *devotional* one; that is, to select those Portions of the Psalms which have the greatest Tendency to excite and assist Devotion. My next Object, and with a View to the former, was to select such Portions as may be easily understood; Portions which describe and plainly express the various Conditions, Trials, Faith, Hope, and holy Affections of the Church in all Ages; which have little or no particular Reference to the Circumstances and Customs of the Jewish Church; and which, both in Sentiment and Expression, are level with the Capacities of the generality of People in our Christian Assemblies. I had one Object more, in making this Selection, to exclude from it every Thing which might offend People of better Judgment and Taste, than those for whom it was principally designed.

I cannot flatter myself with a Persuasion that I have succeeded in each of these three Points in an equal Degree. I have indeed a good Hope that this Selection will be found in Experience a *devotional* one. A few passages in it, perhaps, are less plain than I wish. And, I fear, several more will want the Candour of Judges; those especially which are selected from Sternhold's Old Version. And yet, I hope, the Christian Piety, the Simplicity, and, in some, the Mixture of Simplicity and Majesty, which distinguish those ancient Rhymes, will compensate for uncouthness of Language and Verse. They, whose Candour I intreat, will be less disposed to notice Imperfections, if they consider that my *prime* Object is *Devotion*, and if they reflect how very difficult it is to produce a Selection of

Psalms

Psalms in Metre, which shall be suitable for the generality of People, and yet rise above mere Mediocrity.

This Selection, while it affords sufficient Variety and Choice, commends itself by the smallness of its Size. Poor Labourers may easily purchase it; and the Portions will be so frequently repeated, that, by Degrees, they will be imprinted on the Minds of the People and become familiar to them.

This last Consideration is of no little Importance: for, in order to inform the Understanding, and to impress Sentiments of Piety and Virtue on the Heart, there must be a frequent Recurrence of the same Form of Words. A Selection of different Psalms for every Sunday in the Year wants this Advantage: for a Form of Words sung once only in Twelve Months will never be remembered; and, the Impression of the Sentiment will be very transient.

This Selection has been revised by a very respectable Clergyman. It has derived some Advantage from the Corrections of his Pen; and would have been more improved, if I had principally intended it for Men of Letters and Taste. But, having in View the Edification of the generality of People, I thought myself obliged to reject some of his Emendations, and to prefer a prosaic Thought and Expression to one more elegant and poetical, which, as I apprehended, the unlearned would not easily understand.

This Selection was designed for my own Parishioners: but, thinking it may be acceptable to others, I mean to present it to the Public. And, I take the Liberty to recommend to any Clergymen, who shall think

think it worthy to be introduced into their Congregations, to enjoin their Clerks not to curtail any of the Psalms. If any of the Psalms should be thought too long at any particular Time, let a shorter one be chosen. Very few Psalms in this Selection can be abridged without leaving the Sense imperfect. A few of the longer Portions, which I think may be divided into two Parts, having a complete Sense in each, I have separated by a single Line, to signify that each Part may be used separately.

I cannot think any Service mean, which tends to edify the Christian Church, to inspire Sentiments of Piety and Virtue, to excite and assist Devotion. "If what I have said concerning Psalmody (*these are the Words of Bishop Gibson*) shall be thought a descending to Points too Little, and unworthy of Regard; let it be remembered, that nothing can be called Little, which conduces in any Degree to so great an End, as is the decent and orderly Performance of the public Worship of God."

W. J.

May 1792.

PSALMS, &c.

6

PSALM I. *Northam!*

1 **H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill Advice to walk ;
Nor stands in Sinners Ways ; nor fits,
Where Men profanely talk :
But makes the perfect Law of **GOD**
His Business and Delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
And meditates by Night !

2 Like some fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish ; and success
All his Designs attend.
Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
No lasting Root shall find ;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd,
Like chaff before the Wind.

3 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb
Before their JUDGE's Face :
No formal Hypocrite shall then
With Saints assume a Place.
For **GOD** approves the just Man's Ways ;
To Happiness they tend :
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
Alike in Ruin End.

Feveringham PSALM I. Metre 2nd. 27^o

- 1 **O** How blest the Man, whose Ear
 Impious counsel shuns to hear ;
Who nor loves, nor treads the Way,
 Where the Sons of folly stray :
- 2 But, posseſſ'd with sacred Awe,
 Meditates, **GREAT GOD**, thy Law ;
This by Day his fix'd Employ ;
 This by Night his constant Joy.
- 3 Like the Tree, that taught to grow
 Where the Streams refreshing flow,
He his fruitful Branch shall spread ;
 Nor his Leaves unprosp'rous shed.
- 4 See—ah ! see a diff'rent Fate
 God's obdurate Foes await ;
See them, to his Wrath consign'd,
 Fly, like Chaff before the Wind.
- 5 When thy **JUDGE**, O Earth, shall come,
 And to each assign his Doom,
Say, Shall then the impious Band
 With the Just assembled stand ?
- 6 These th' **ALMIGHTY**, these alone,
 Objects of his Love shall own ;
While his Vengeance who defy
 Whelm'd in endless Ruin lie.

PSALM II.

[Proper for Ascension-day and the Sunday after.]

- 1 WHY did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counsels, to destroy
Th' ANOINTED of the LORD?
- 2 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Design;
Against the LORD their Pow'rs unite,
Against his CHRIST they join.
- 3 The LORD derides their Rage,
And will support his Throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the Dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.
- 4 Now He's ascended high,
And claims to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.
- 5 GOD on his SON bestows
A large Inheritance;
For as the Earth's remotest Bounds,
His Kingdom to advance.
- 6 The Nations that rebel,
Smote by his iron Rod,
Shall at their Cost those Honors tell
Which He receiv'd from GOD.
- 7 Be wise, ye Rulers, now,
And worship at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, Ye People, bow
To GOD's exalted SON.

PSALM III.

8 For, if his Wrath once rise
 Destruction bounds your Race;
 Whilst Blessings crown the Soul that flies
 For Refuge to his Grace.

French

PSALM II. Metre 2nd.

1 O, Lest Ye perish from the Way
 That leads to Realms of endless Day,
 With awful Love, with holy Fear,
 The Son, the World's great Hope, revere.

2 If flighted Love to Anger turn,
 And kindling Wrath begin to burn,
 Thrice happy, who on Him depend,
 And thankful own th' almighty FRIEND.

St James

PSALM III.

1 THOU LORD alone art my Defence,
 On thee my Hopes rely;
 Thou art my Glory, and shalt still
 Lift up my Head on high.

2 For still when e'er in deep Distress
 To GOD I made my pray'r,
 He heard me from his holy Hill,
 And bade me not despair.

3 Guarded by him, I laid me down
 A sweet Repose to take;
 For I through Him securely sleep,
 Through Him securely wake.

4 Nor Force, nor Fury of my Foes
 My Courage shall confound,
 Were they as many Hosts, as Men
 Besieging me around.

5 Salvation to the LORD belongs,
 Who only can defend ;
 Whose Blessing He extends to All
 That on his Pow'r depend.

Abbridge. *Co*

PSALM IV.

1 WHILE worldly Minds impatient grow
 More prosperous Times to see,
 Still let the Glories of THY face
 Shine brightly, LORD, on me.

2 So shall my Heart o'er flow with Joy,
 More lasting and more true,
 Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine,
 Their fancied Good, pursue.

3 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
 And take my needful Rest ;
 Nor other Guard, O LORD, I'll crave,
 Of THY Defence possest.

St. Necte *Co*

PSALM V.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r ;
 For only to my KING and GOD
 Will I for Help repair.

2 THOU in the Morn my Voice shalt hear ;
 And with the dawning Day
 To THEE devoutly I'll look up,
 To THEE devoutly pray.

3 And when thy boundless Grace shall me
 To thy lov'd Courts restore ;
 On THEE I'll fix my longing Eyes,
 And humbly there adore.

4 Conduit me by thy righteous Laws,
 For watchful is the Foe ;
 Therefore, O LORD, make plain the Way
 In which I ought to go.

5 And let all those who trust in THEE
 With Shouts their Joy proclaim ;
 Yea, all rejoice whom Thou hast sav'd,
 All, all who love thy Name.

Hitchin

L

1 O Spare me, LORD, nor o'er my Head
 The Fulness of thy Vengeance shed ;
 With pitying Eye my Weakness view,
 Heal my sick Soul, my Strength renew.

2 Return, GREAT GOD, return and save
 Thy Servant from the greedy Grave ;
 Permit my Pains their Bounds to know,
 Nor let me sink in endless Woe.

3 While thus I pray, my SAVIOUR hears ;
 While yet I speak He wipes my Tears ;
 Accepts my Pray'r, and bids each Foe,
 With Shame, his vain Attempts forego.

PSALM VIII.

Wells ! L

PSALM VII.

1 RISE, Mightiest LORD ; triumphant rise
O'er all whose Pride thy Pow'r defies ;
Ascend thy Throne, GREAT GOD, again,
And vindicate thy Ways to Men.

2 O Thou, whose strictly-searching Eye
The Heart and inmost Reins can try ;
Sin's baneful Growth do Thou control,
And guard from Ill the upright Soul.

3 Th' impartial JUDGE, whose Eyes each Day
Cast o'er the Earth their strict Survey :
My Soul, to Him for Help repair ;
Who makes the faithful Heart his Care.

4 If man his Law refuse to know,
He whets his Sword, He bends his Bow,
And points with Fire the winged Dart,
Ordain'd to pierce the Rebel's Heart.

5 Deeply, O LORD, thy Truth imprest
Shall govern still my faithful Breast,
With grateful Joy my Heart inspire,
And wake to ceaseless Praise my Lyre.

St James PSALM VIII.

1 O THOU to whom all Creatures bow
Within this earthly Frame,
Through all the World, how great art THOU !
How glorious is thy Name !

2 In Heav'n thy wondrous Acts are sung
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet Thou mak'st the human Tongue
 Thy boundless Praise declare.

3 Through Thee, the Weak confound the
 Strong,
 And crush their mighty Foes;
 By them Thou quell'st the hostile Throng,
 Who Thee and Thine oppose.

4 O THOU, to whom all Creatures bow
 Within this earthly Frame,
 Through all the World, how great art THOU!
 How glorious is thy Name.

Nayland

 PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praise, O LORD,
 I will my Heart prepare;
 To all the list'ning World thy Works
 Thy wond'rrous Works declare.

2 The Thought of them shall to my Soul
 Exalted Pleasure bring;
 Whilst to thy Name, O THOU Most High,
 Triumphant Praise I sing.

3 The Insolence of heathen Pride
 Thou hast reduc'd to Shame;
 Their Idols Thou hast all destroy'd,
 And blotted out their Name.

4 The L ORD for ever lives, who hath
 His righteous Throne prepar'd,
 Impartial Justice to dispense,
 To punish, or reward.

5 G OD is a constant, sure Defence
 Against oppressing Rage;
 As Troubles rise, his needful Aids
 In our Behalf engage.

6 All those who have his Goodness prov'd
 Will in his Truth confide;
 Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man
 That on his Help rely'd.

7 Sing Praises, therefore, to the L ORD,
 From S ion his Abode;
 Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
 Proclaim J EHOVAH G OD.

Newport — *L*

PSALM IX. Metre 2nd.

1 T HEE, L ORD, I boast my Bliss supreme,
 Thy Praise my Song's exhaustless Theme:
 O Higher than the highest, Hail!
 T HOU, T HOU hast made my Cause prevail.

2 C OME Ye, who in the dang'rous Hour
 Wish for your guard the strong-built Tow'r;
 Each Terror to the Wind resign'd,
 In G OD a surer Refuge find.

3 The Souls that, once oppress'd with Woe,
 Have learn'd thy Name, GREAT GOD, to know,
 Their Hope on Thee shall still sustain,
 Whom none have sought, and sought in vain.

1st Anna!

PSALM X.

C

1 THE Wicked, swoln with lawless Pride,
 Have made the Poor their Prey :
 O let them fall by those Designs,
 Which they for others lay.

2 To own a Pow'r above themselves,
 Presumptuous Pride disdains ;
 And therefore, in their carnal Mind,
 No Thought of GOD remains.

3 For GOD, they think, no Notice takes
 Of their unrighteous Deeds ;
 Nor ever minds the suff'ring Poor,
 Nor their Oppression heeds.

4 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
 And proudly boasting say,
 “ Tush, GOD regards not what we do,
 “ He never will repay.”

5 But sure THOU seest, and all their Deeds
 Impartially dost try ;
 The Orphan, therefore, and the Poor
 On Thee for Aid rely.

6 Assert thy just Dominion, LORD,
 Which shall for ever stand ;
 THOU, who the Heathen didst expel
 From Canaan's holy Land.

7 THOU hear'st thy humble Supplicants,
Who to thy Throne repair;
Preparing first their Hearts to pray,
THOU then accept'st their Pray'r.

Clarke!

 PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Trust in GOD,
A Refuge always nigh,
Why should I like a tim'rous Bird,
To other Refuge fly?

2 The LORD hath both a Temple here,
And righteous Throne above;
Where He surveys the Sons of Men,
And how their Counsels move.

3 If GOD the righteous, whom He loves,
For Trial shall correct;
What must the Sons of Wickedness,
Whom He abhors, expect?

4 The righteous LORD will righteous Deeds
With signal Favor grace,
And to the upright Man disclose
The brightness of his Face.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt THOU forget me, **LORD**?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt Thou withdraw from me?
Oh! never to return?

2 How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
And Grief my Heart oppres?
How long my Enemies insult,
Nor I obtain Redress?

3 O hear! and to my longing Eyes
Restore thy wonted Light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting Night.

4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast
That their own Strength o'ercame:
O let not them who vex my Soul
Still triumph in my Shame.

5 Since I have always plac'd my Trust
Beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy faving Health will come, and then
My Heart with Joy shall sing.

6 Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd,
To Thee, my **GOD**, ascend,
Who to thy Servant in Distress
Thy Mercy didst extend.

Marshfield PSALM XV.

1 **L**ORD, who's the happy Man that may
To thy blest Courts repair?
Not Stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 The Man who walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
Who trusts his Maker's Promises,
And follows his Commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his Heart,
Nor flanders with his Tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

4 Who Vice in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
Can treat with just Neglect;
And Piety, though cloth'd in Rags,
Religiously respect.

5 Who on his plighted Vows and Trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his Loss,
He makes his Promise good.

7 Whose Hands disdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor;
This Man, when Earth's Foundation shakes,
Shall stand, in God secure.

Hitchin

PSALM XVII.

L

1 **T**HIS Life's a Dream, an empty Show,
But the bright World to which I go,
Hath Joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

2 **O** glorious Hour! O blest Abode!
I shall be near and like my **GOD**!
And Flesh and Sin no more control
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.

3 **M**y Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,
Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Then burst the Grave with glad Surprise,
And in my **SAVIOUR**'s Image rise.

Warham

PSALM XVIII.

L

1 **N**O Change of Times shall ever shock
My firm Affection, **LORD**, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been a Rock,
A Fortress, and Defence to me.

2 **T**hou my Deliv'rer art, my **GOD**;
My Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At home my Safe-guard and my Tow'r.

3 **T**o Thee I'll still address my Pray'r,
To whom my Life, my All I owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful Care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.

4 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But GOD, on whom my Hopes depend?
For who, except the Mighty LORD,
Can with resistless Pow'r defend?

5 He lives (and blessed be my Rock)
The GOD of my Salvation lives:
The dark Designs of Hell are broke;
And sweet the Peace my FATHER gives.

J James! PSALM XIX. *G*

1 GOD's perfect Law converts the Soul,
Reclaims from false Desires:
With sacred Wisdom his sure Word
The Ignorant inspires.

2 The Statutes of the LORD are just,
And bring sincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in search of Truth,
Assist the feeblest Sight.

3 Of more Esteem than golden Mines,
Or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops,
That from the Comb distil.

4 My trusty Counsellors are they,
And friendly Warnings give:
And heav'nly Joys are their Reward,
Who by thy Precepts live.

5 But, What frail Man observes, how oft
He does in Error fall?
O cleanse me from my secret Faults,
Thou GOD who know'st them all.

Syenko

PSALM XIX. *Metre 2nd.*

1 BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker GOD,
And all his starry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.

2 His Laws are just and pure ;
His Truth without Deceit ;
His Promises for ever sure ;
And his Rewards are great.

3 Not Honey to the Taste
Affords so sweet Delight ;
Nor Store of well-refined Gold
So much allures the Sight.

4 While of thy Works I sing,
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praise, my GOD, my KING,
In my REDEEMER's Name.

St Pauls

PSALM XIX. PART 2.

1 BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way ;
His Beams through all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

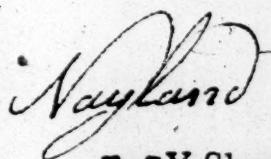
2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner Light ;
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

3 How perfect is thy Word !
And all thy Judgments just !
For ever sure thy Promise, **LORD**,
And we may safely trust.

4 I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey ;
O send thy Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

5 Warn me of ev'ry Sin ;
Forgive my secret Faults ;
And cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

6 While with my Heart and Tongue,
I spread thy Praise abroad ;
Accept the Worship and the Song,
My SAVIOUR and my **GOD** !



1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living **LORD**,
I therefore Nothing need ;
In Pastures fair, near pleasant Streams,
He setteth me to feed.

2 He shall convert my wand'ring Soul,
 And bring my Mind in Frame,
 To walk in Paths of Righteousness,
 And bless his holy Name.

3 Yea, though I tread the Vale of Death,
 Yet will I fear no Ill ;
 Thy Rod and Staff so comfort me,
 And Thou art with me still.

4 And in the Presence of my Foes
 My Table Thou shalt spread ;
 Fill full my Cup, and richly pour
 Thy Blessing on my Head.

5 Through all my Life, thy Favour, **LORD**,
 So brightly shines on me,
 That ever in thy holy Church
 My Dwelling-place shall be.

St. Paul's — PSALM XXIII. *Metre 2nd.*

1 **T**HE **L**ORD my Shepherd is
 I shall be well supply'd ;
 Since He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the Place
 Where heav'nly Pasture grows :
 Where healing Waters gently pass,
 And full Salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my Soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in his own right Way,
 For his most holy Name.

4 While He affords his Aid,
I cannot yield to Fear ;
Though I should walk through Death's dark
Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In Sight of all my Foes,
Thou dost my Table spread,
My Cup with Blessings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

6 The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days,
Nor from thy House will I remove,
Nor cease to sing thy Praise.

Cambridge PSALM XXIV.

[Proper for Ascension-day and the Sunday after.]

1 LIFT up your Heads, Eternal Gates,
Unfold to entertain
THE KING OF GLORY : See, He comes
With all his heavenly Train.

2 Who is THE KING OF GLORY ? Who ?
The LORD, for Strength renown'd ;
In Battle mighty ; o'er his Foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

3 Lift up your Heads, Ye Gates ; unfold
In State to entertain
THE KING OF GLORY : See, He comes
With all his heavenly Train.

4 Who is THE KING OF GLORY? Who?
 The LORD OF HOSTS renown'd:
 Of Glory HE along is King,
 Alone with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXIV. *Metre 2nd.*

[Proper for Ascension-day.]

1 OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
 Our SAVIOUR is gone up on high;
 The Pow'rs of Hell are captive led.
 Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

2 There his triumphal Chariot waits,
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
 " Lift up your Heads, Ye heavenly Gates;
 " Ye everlasting Doors, give Way !

3 " Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
 " Wide, wide unfold th' ethereal Scene:
 " The KING OF GLORY claims his Right;
 " Receive the KING OF GLORY in."

4 Who is THE KING OF GLORY? Who?
 The LORD, that all our Foes o'ercame,
 The *World, Sin, Death*, and *Hell* o'erthrew,
 And JESUS, JESUS is his Name.

5 Lo ! his triumphal Chariot waits,
 And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay;
 " Lift up your Heads, Ye heavenly Gates,
 " Ye everlasting Doors, give Way !"

6 Who is THE KING OF GLORY? Who?
 THE LORD, of glorious Pow'r possest ;
 THE KING of Saints and Angels too,
 GOD OVER ALL, for ever blest.

Ayentho

PSALM XXV.

1 **T**HY Mercies and thy Love,
 O LORD, recal to mind ;
 And graciously continue still,
 As Thou wert ever, kind.

2 Let all my youthful Crimes
 Be blotted out by Thee ;
 And, for thy wond'rous Goodness sake,
 In Mercy think on me.

3 His Mercy and his Truth
 The righteous LORD displays,
 In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
 And teaching them his Ways.

4 Since Mercy is the Grace
 That most exalts thy Fame,
 Forgive my many Sins, O LORD,
 And so advance thy Name.

5 Do Thou with pitying Eyes
 My sad Affliction see ;
 Oh ! pardon, LORD ; and from my Guilt
 Intirely set me free.

Agendo PSALM XXV. Version 2nd.

- 1 DIRECT me in thy Truth,
And guide me in thy Way,
Thou art my SAVIOUR and my GOD,
My Hope, my only Stay.
- 2 Sin and the Pow'rs of Hell
Would sink me in Despair :
O make me know thy Cov'nant well,
And fave me from the Snare.
- 3 Thy many Mercies, LORD,
Rememb'ring, still display ;
In Pity Thou art plentiful,
And so hast been alway.
- 4 Remember not the Faults
And Frailties of my Youth ;
Call not to mind how Ign'rance once
Divorc'd me from thy Truth.
- 5 Nor after my Deserts
Let me thy Mercy find ;
But, of thine own Benignity,
LORD, have me in my Mind.
- 6 His Mercy's full and free,
His Truth a perfect Guide ;
Therefore, the LORD will Sinners teach,
Who wander'd from his Side.
- 7 The humble He will teach
His Precepts to obey ;
He will direct in all his Paths
The lowly Man alway.

*Bedford**L*

PSALM XXVII.

- 1 SOON as I heard my FATHER say,
“ Ye Children seek my Grace,”
My Heart reply’d without Delay,
“ I’ll seek my FATHER’s Face.”
- 2 Let not thy Face be hid from me,
Nor frown my Soul away:
GOD of my Life, I’ll fly to Thee
In Sorrow’s low’ring Day.
- 3 Should Friends and Kindred near and dear
Leave me to want and die,
My God will make my Life his Care,
And all my Need supply.
- 4 My fainting Flesh had died for Grief,
Had not my Soul believ’d
To see thy Grace provide Relief,
Nor was my Soul deceiv’d.
- 5 Wait on the LORD, Ye trembling Saints,
Nor let your Courage droop;
He’ll raise your Spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your Hope.

*Newport**L*

PSALM XXVII. Metre 2nd

- 1 THOU sacred Spring of all my Joys,
Whene’er I raise my plaintive Voice,
O let thy sov’reign Mercy hear,
And answer all my humble Pray’r.

2 When **THOU**, with condescending Grace,
Hast bid me seek thy cheering Face ;
My Heart reply'd to thy kind Word,
“ **THEE** will I seek, all-gracious **LORD.**”

3 Hide not from me thy blissful Ray,
Nor angry frown my Hopes away ;
Thy saving Help has still been near ;
GOD of my Life renew thy Care.

4 O teach me, **LORD**, thy sacred Way,
Uphold my Steps, nor let me stray :
O **GOD**, on whom my Hopes depend,
Be **THOU** my **FATHER** and my **FRIEND.**

Garsborough

1 I’LL celebrate thy Praises, **LORD**,
Who did’st thy Pow’r employ
To raise my drooping Head, and check
My Foe’s insulting Joy.

2 Thus to his Courts, all ye his Saints,
With Songs of Praise repair ;
With me commemorate his Truth,
And providential Care.

3 His Wrath has but a Moment’s Reign,
His Favour no Decay ;
Your Night of Grief is recompenc’d
With Joy’s returning Day.

Ayentia

PSALM XXXI.

1 TO THEE, the God of Truth,
 My Life, and all that's mine,
 To THEE, Preserver of my Youth,
 I willingly resign.

2 Those Mercies Thou hast shewn,
 I'll gratefully express ;
 For Thou hast seen my straits, and known
 My Soul in deep Distress.

3 Whate'er Events betide,
 Thy Wisdom times them all :
 Beneath thy Wings thy Servant hide,
 And guard me lest I fall.

4 The Brightness of thy Face
 To me, O LORD, disclose ;
 And as thy Favors still increase,
 Preserve me from my Foes.

5 How great thy Mercies are
 To such as fear thy Name,
 Which Thou, for those who trust thy Care,
 Dost to the World proclaim !

6 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
 From proud oppressors free ;
 From Tongues which do in Strifes delight,
 They are preserv'd by Thee.

Bedford

PSALM XXXII.

1 **H**APPY the Man to whom his **GOD**
 No more imputes his **Sin**,
 But, wash'd in the **REDEEMER'S** Blood,
 Hath made his **Garments** clean !

2 Happy beyond Expression **He**
 Whose **Debts** are thus discharg'd ;
 Who from the guilty **Bondage** free,
 Now feels his **Soul** enlarg'd !

3 **H**e, guileless, hath sincerely own'd,
 Nor try'd his **Sins** to hide,
 Nor sought to justify himself
 In self-sufficient **Pride**.

4 **B**ut I, alas ! my **Guilt** supprest ;
 Yet, **Peace** I could not find :
 Thy **Wrath** lay burning in my **Breast**,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 At length, I own'd how great my **Guilt**,
 And all my **Sins** reveal'd ;
 Then **Mercy** pity'd my **Distress**,
 And a full **Pardon** seal'd.

Josiah

PSALM XXXIII.

1 **L**ET all the **Just** to **GOD** with **Joy**
 Their **cheerful** **Voices** raise ;
 For well the **righteous** it becomes
 To sing glad **Songs** of **Praise**.

2 For faithful is the Word of GOD,
His Works with Truth abound ;
He Justice loves, and all the Earth
Is with his Goodness crown'd.

3 By his almighty Word at first,
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous Hosts of Light
At his Command appear'd.

4 Let Earth and All that dwell therein,
Before Him trembling stand ;
For, when He spake the Word, 'twas made,
And fix'd by his Command.

Nayland

PSALM XXXIII. PART 2.

1 WHATE'ER the mighty LORD decrees
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled Purpose of his Heart
To Ages shall endure.

2 How happy then are they, to whom
The LORD for GOD is known !
Whom He from all the World beside
Hath chosen for his own !

3 Our Soul on GOD with Patience waits ;
Our Help and Shield is HE !
And still, O LORD, our Hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.

4 The Riches of thy Mercy, LORD,
 Do thou to us extend ;
 Since we, for all we want or wish,
 On Thee alone depend.

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PSALM XXXIV.

1 THROUGH all the changing Scenes of Life,
 In Trouble and in Joy,
 The Praises of my GOD shall still
 My Heart and Tongue employ.

2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distrest,
 From my Example Comfort take,
 And charm their Griefs to Rest.

3 O magnify the LORD with me,
 With me exalt his Name ;
 When in Distress to Him I call'd,
 He to my Rescue came.

4 The Hosts of GOD encamp around
 The Dwellings of the Just ;
 Deliv'rance He affords to All
 Who on his Succour trust.

5 O make but Trial of his Love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest'd are they, and only they,
 Who in his Truth confide.

6 Fear Him, Ye Saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 His Service make your chief Delight,
 Your Wants He'll make his Care.

Newport.

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PSALM XXXVI.

1 O Lord, thy *Mercy* my sure Hope,
The highest Orb of Heav'n transcends;
Thy sacred *Truth*'s unmeasur'd Scope
Beyond the spreading Sky extends.

2 Thy *Justice* like the Hills remains:
Unfathom'd Depths thy *Judgments* are:
Thy *Providence* the World sustains;
The whole Creation is thy *Care*.

3 Since of thy *Goodness* All partake,
With what assurance should the *Just*
Thy shelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And *SAINTS* to thy Protection trust?

4 Such Guests shall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy *Love*'s repast,
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys which shall for ever last.

St. Helens

PSALM XXXVII.

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1 **T**HOUGH wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful State
Thy Anger or thy Envy raise:
For they, cut down like tender Grafts,
Or like young Flow'rs away shall pass,
Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.

2 Depend on GOD, and Him obey,
So thou within the Land shalt stay,
Secure from Danger and from Want :
Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
And HE, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy pious Wishes grant.

3 A Little, with GOD's Favor blest,
When by the righteous Man possest,
The plenty of the Bad excels :
For GOD supports the just Man's Cause ;
But, as for those who break his Laws,
Their unsuccessful Pow'r He quells.

4 His constant Care the Righteous guides,
And over all their Life presides ;
Their Portion shall for ever last :
They, when Distress o'erwhelms the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd : and e'en in Dearth,
Enraptur'd on His Goodness feast.

5 Not so the wicked Man, and those
Who proudly dare GOD's Will oppose,
Destruction is their certain Share :
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an Instant melt away,
And vanish into Smoke and Air.

PSALM XXXVII. PART 2.

- 1 THE good Man's Way is GOD's delight ;
He orders all the Steps aright
Of him that moves by his Command :
Though he may sometimes be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppres'd ;
For GOD upholds him with His Hand.
- 2 With Caution shun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy Days :
For GOD, who Judgment loves, shall still
Preserve his Saints secure from Ill,
While soon the wicked Race decays.
- 3 The Righteous shall possess the Land,
His portion shall for ever stand ;
His Mouth with Wisdom is supply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of GOD approves,
His Footsteps therefore do not slide.
- 4 The Wicked I in Pow'r have seen,
And, like a Bay-Tree fresh and green,
That spreads its shooting Branches round :
But he was gone as swift as Thought ;
And though in ev'ry Place I sought,
No Sign or Trace of him I found.

- 5 Observe the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all such as upright are ;
Their roughest Days in Peace shall end :
While on the latter End of Those
Who dare GOD's sacred Will oppose,
A dreadful Ruin shall attend.

6 God to the Just will Aid afford,
 Their only Safe-guard is the Lord ;
 Their Strength in Time of Need is He ;
 Because on him they still depend,
 The Lord will timely Succour send,
 And from the Wicked set them free.

Uxbridge

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PSALM XXXIX.

[Proper at a Funeral.]

1 Lord, make me know my Term of Days,
 How soon my Life shall end ;
 The numerous Train of Ills disclose
 Which this frail State attend.

2 My fleeting Life is but a Span,
 A Cypher sums my Years ;
 And ev'ry Man in best Estate,
 But Vanity appears.

3 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
 With fruitless Cares oppres'd ;
 He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
 By whom 'twill be posses'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless Toys
 With anxious Care attend ?
 On Thee alone, my stedfast Hope
 Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
 And listen to my Pray'r ;
 Who sojourn like a stranger here,
 As all my Fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little Time ;
 My wasted Strength restore ;
 Fit me for Heav'n before I go,
 And shall be seen no more.

Worlsey

PSALM XXXIX. *Metre 2nd.*

1 ALMIGHTY Maker of my Frame,
 Teach me the Measure of my Days,
 Teach me to know how frail I am,
 And spend the Remnant to thy Praise.

2 My Days are shorter than a Span,
 A little Point my Life appears ;
 How frail at best is dying Man !
 How vain are all his Hopes and Fears !

3 Vain his Ambition, Noise, and Show !
 Vain are the Cares which rack his Mind !
 He heaps up Treasures mix'd with Woe ;
 He dies — and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler Portion mine !
 My GOD, I bow before thy Throne ;
 Earth's fleeting Treasures I resign,
 And fix my Hope on Thee alone.

5 Save me by thy Almighty Arm,
 From all my Sins, and cleanse my Faults ;
 Then Guilt nor Folly shall alarm
 My Soul — nor vex my peaceful Thoughts.

6 O spare me, and my Strength restore,
 Ere my few hasty Minutes flee ;
 And when my Days on Earth are o'er,
 Let me for ever dwell with Thee.

Stonfield !

PSALM XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the **LORD**,
Till He vouchsaf'd a kind Reply ;
His gracious Ear he did afford,
And heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.

2 He took me from the dismal Pit,
When founder'd deep in miry Clay ;
On solid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
And suffer'd not my Steps to stray.

3 The Wonders He for me has wrought,
Shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praise,
And others, to his Worship brought,
To Hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.

4 Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
Which Thou, O **God**, for us hast wrought !
The Treasures of thy Love surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thought.

French

PSALM XL. PART 2.

1 **T**HE Wonders, **LORD**, thy Love hath wrought,
Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought ;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

2 No Blood of Beasts on Altars spilt,
Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt ;
But thou hast set before our Eyes
An All-sufficient Sacrifice.

3 Behold, I come, the SAVIOUR cries,
And to the Work of Mercy flies—
I come t'accomplish thy Design,
And to thy Will myself resign.

4 This—This, O GOD, is thy Decree,
'Tis in thy Book foretold of ME ;
I must fulfil the SAVIOUR's Part ;
And, Lo ! thy Will pervades my Heart.

5 I'll magnify thy holy Law,
And Rebels to Obedience draw,
When on my Cro s I'm lifted high,
Or to my Crown above the Sky :

6 The SPIRIT shall descend, and shew,
What Thou hast done, and what I do ;
Thy Grace the World shall learn to bless,
Thy Wisdom, and thy Righteousness.

st Anno

 PSALM XLII.

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
When heated in the Chace ;
So longs my Soul, O GOD, for Thee
And thy refreshing Grace.

2 For Thee, my GOD, the living GOD,
My thirsty Soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majesty divine !

3 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul ?
Trust GOD, and He'll employ
His Aid for thee ; and change these Sighs
To thankful Hymns of Joy.

4 God of my Strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
To the Oppressor's Scorn!

5 Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The Praise of Him, who is thy God,
Thy Health's eternal Spring.

Horfield!

PSALM XLIII.

1 LET me with *Light* and *Truth* be blest;
Be THOU my Guide, and lead the Way,
Till on thy holy Hill I rest,
And in thy sacred Temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh Trophies raise
To GOD, who is my only Joy;
And, in eternal Songs of Praise,
A blest Eternity employ.

3 Why then cast down, my Soul, and why
So much oppres'd with anxious Care?
On GOD, thy GOD, for Aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd State repair.

1st Anne.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O GOD, our Fathers oft have told
In our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days of old,
And elder Times than theirs.

2 As Thee their GOD our Father's own'd,
 Thou art our Sov'reign King ;
 O therefore, as Thou didst to them,
 To us Deliv'rance bring.

3 To Thee the Triumph we'll ascribe,
 From whom the Conquest came ;
 In GOD we will rejoice all Day,
 And ever bless thy Name.

Falcon Street

 PSALM XLV.

1 A WAKEN'D is my Heart
 A godly Song to sing ;
 The Praise, that I shall shew therein,
 Pertaineth to the KING.

2 O fairest of all Men !
 Thy Lips with Grace are pure ;
 For GOD hath blessed thee with Gifts
 For ever to endure.

3 About thee gird thy Sword,
 O PRINCE of Might, elect !
 With Honor, Glory, and Renown,
 Thou art most richly deckt.

4 Go forth with godly Speed,
 With Meekness, Truth, and Right ;
 For thy Right-Hand shall Thee instruct
 In Works of dreadful Might.

5 Thy Arrows sharp and keen
 Their Hearts so fore shall sting,
 That they shall crouch and kneel to Thee,
 Yea, all thy Foes, O KING.

6 Thy royal Seat, O LORD,
 For ever shall remain ;
 Because the Sceptre of thy Realm
 Doth Righteousness maintain.

7 Wherefore, thy holy Name
 All Ages shall record ;
 And ever shall give thanks to Thee
 The KING OF KINGS, O LORD.

Nayland ————— *g*

PSALM XLV. *Metre 2nd.*

1 EXALTED by a blessed Thought,
 My Soul is on the Wing ;
 I speak, as by the SPIRIT taught,
 The Praise of CHRIST my KING.

2 Thy Form is fairer than the Race
 Of Men from *Adam* sprung ;
 And GOD has giv'n eternal Grace
 To thy persuasive Tongue.

3 Ride on, Thou PRINCE of wond'rous Might,
 Girt with thy dreadful Sword ;
 With Majesty and glorious Light,
 And TRUTH's all-conqu'ring Word.

4 Thy Throne, O GOD, for ever stands ;
 Thy Word of Grace shall prove
 A peaceful Sceptre in thy Hands,
 To rule thy Saints with Love.

5 Justice and Truth attend thee still,
 And holy are thy Ways:
 Eternal Joy thy Soul shall fill,
 And ours who sing thy Praise.

Hollens!

 PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Distress,
 A present Help when Dangers press;
 In Him undaunted we'll confide,
 Though Earth be from her Center tost,
 And Mountains, in the Ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

2 A gentler Stream with Gladness still
 The City of our LORD shall fill,
 The royal Seat of GOD MOST HIGH:
 GOD dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Tow'rs
 Shall mock th' Assaults of hostile Pow'rs,
 While His almighty Aid is nigh.

3 In Tumults, when the Heathen rag'd,
 And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,
 HE thunder'd and dispers'd their Pow'rs:
 THE LORD OF HOSTS conducts our Arms,
 Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
 Our Father's Guardian-GOD, and ours.

Ayentha!

PSALM LI.

- 1 HAVE Mercy, LORD, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, oppress'd with Loads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul Offence,
And cleanse me from my Sin ;
For, I confess my Crimes, and see
How great my Guilt has been.
- 3 In Guilt each Part was form'd
Of this polluted frame :
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The Heir of Sin and Shame,
- 4 But purge me with thy Blood,
And so I clean shall be ;
And vie in Whiteness with the Snow,
Thus purify'd by Thee.
- 5 Make me to hear with Joy
Thy kind, forgiving Voice ;
And let the Bones which Thou hast broke
Renew'd by Thee rejoice.
- 6 Blot out my crying Sins,
Nor me with Anger View ;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
An upright Mind renew.

Ayensho 11

PSALM LI. PART 2.

1 **W**ITHDRAW not, LORD, thy Help,
Nor cast me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy holy SPIRIT take
His everlasting Flight.

2 The Joy thy Favor gives
Let me, O GOD, regain;
And let thy SPIRIT's firm Support
My fainting Soul sustain.

3 My Guiltiness remove,
My SAVIOUR and my GOD,
That my glad Tongue may loudly tell
Thy Righteousness abroad.

4 Do Thou unlock my Lips,
With Sorrow clos'd and Shame;
Then shall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praise
To all the World proclaim.

French

PSALM LI. Metre 2nd.

1 **S**HEW Pity, LORD; O LORD, forgive;
Let a repenting Rebel live:
Are not thy Mercies large and free?
May not a Sinner trust in THEE?

2 My Sins are great, but not surpass
The Pow'r and Glory of thy Grace:
GREAT GOD! Thy Nature hath no Bound:
So let thy pard'ning Love be found.

3 O wash my Soul from ev'ry Sin,
And make my guilty Conscience clean:
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And past Offences pain mine Eyes.

4 My Lips with Shame my Sins confess,
Against thy Law, against thy Grace;
LORD, should thy Judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling Sinner, LORD,
Whose Hope, still hov'ring round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet Promise there,
Some sure Support against Despair.

W. H. Kitchener

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PSALM LI. Metre 2nd. PART II.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
And born unholly and unclean;
Sprung from the Man, whose guilty Fall
Corrupts our Race, and taints us All.

2 Soon as we draw our Infant-Breath,
The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death:
Thy Law demands a perfect Heart;
But, we're corrupt in ev'ry Part.

3 Behold, I fall before thy Face;
My only Refuge is thy Grace:
No outward Forms can make me clean,
So deep the Leprosy within.

4 JESUS, my GOD, thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone:
Thy Blood can pay the Debts I owe,
And make me clean and white as Snow.

5 While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
 Nor Flesh, nor Soul hath Rest or Ease ;
 LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning Voice,
 And make my contrite Heart rejoice.

Wurham !



PSALM LI. *Metre 2nd. PART III.*

1 O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry,
 Though all my Sins before THEE lie,
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

2 I cannot live without thy Light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight :
 Thy saving Health, O LORD, restore ;
 And guard me that I fall no more.

3 Though I have griev'd thy SPIRIT, LORD,
 His Help and Comfort still afford ;
 And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
 To plead the Merits of thy SON.

4 My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
 And owns thy awful Sentence just ;
 Look down, O LORD, with pitying Eye,
 And save a Soul condemn'd to die.

5 Then will I teach the World thy Ways ;
 And Sinners learn thy sov'reign Grace ;
 I'll lead them to my SAVIOUR's Blood,
 That they may praise their pard'ning GOD.

44 PSALM LVII.
Staffordshire! L

PSALM LVII.

- 1 **T**HY Mercy, **LORD**, to me extend,
On thy Salvation I depend ;
And to thy Wings for Shelter haste
Till Life's tempestuous Storms are past.
- 2 To thy Tribunal, **LORD**, I fly,
Thou sov'reign Judge and **GOD** most **HIGH**,
Who hast a wond'rous Work begun,
And wilt not leave that Work undone.
- 3 Be Thou, **O GOD**, exalted high ;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
Thus its bright Beams on Earth display,
Till Heav'n and Earth alike obey.
- 4 On **GOD** my Heart is firmly bent,
Its thankful Tribute to present ;
And with my Heart my Voice I'll raise
To Thee, my **GOD**, in Songs of Praise.
- 5 Thy Praises, **LORD**, I will resound
To all the list'ning People round :
Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends ;
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
- 6 Be Thou, **O GOD**, exalted high ;
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
Thus its bright Beams on Earth display,
Till Heav'n and Earth alike obey.

Ayensd.

PSALM LXI.

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with Grief,
My Heart within me dies ;
Helpless and far from all Relief,
To Heav'n I lift my Eyes.
- 2 **O** lead me to the Rock,
That's high above my Head ;
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.
- 3 **B**lest in thy Presence, **LORD**,
There let me still abide ;
Thou art the Tow'r of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.
- 4 **T**hou giveſt me the Lot
Of thoſe that fear thy Name ;
If endleſs Life be their Reward,
I shall poſſeſs the fame.

Magdalene

PSALM LXII.

- 1 **M**Y Soul for Help on God relies,
From Him alone my Safety flows ;
My Rock of Health the Strength supplies
That dares the Shock of all my Foes.
- 2 **G**D will his saving Health dispense,
And gracious Blessings daily send ;
On Him, my Fortref and Defence,
My rescued Soul shall still depend.

3 On Him, Ye People, always trust,
 Pour out before his Throne your Hearts;
 For God the merciful and just
 To us his timely Aid imparts.

4 Though Mercy is his darling Grace,
 In which He chiefly takes Delight,
 Yet will He all the human Race
 According to their Works requite.

Hellenes !

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, my gracious God, to Thee
 My morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be;
 For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant;
 My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,
 Within this dry and barren Place,
 Where I refreshing Waters want.

2 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ,
 With lifted Hands adore his Name:
 My Soul's Content shall be as great,
 As theirs, who choicest Dainties eat,
 While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.

3 When down I lie, sweet Sleep to find,
 Thou, LORD, art present to my Mind,
 And when I wake in Dead of Night:
 Because Thou still dost Succour bring,
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
 I rest with Safety and Delight.

*Ayentia*PSALM LXIII. *Metre 2nd.*

- 1 MY God, permit my Tongue
This Joy – To call Thee *mine* ;
And let my earnest Cries prevail
To taste thy Love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting Soul
Thy Mercy doth implore ;
Not Travellers, in Desert-Lands,
Can pant for Water more.
- 3 For Life, without thy Love,
No Relish can afford ;
Nor greater Joy on Earth be found
Than in thy Service, **LORD**.
- 4 To Thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praise Thee while I live ;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast
Such Food or Pleasure give.
- 5 In wakeful Hours of Night
I call my **God** to mind ;
I think how wise thy Counsels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.
- 6 Since Thou hast been my Help,
To Thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence
My cheerful Hope relies.
- 7 The Shadow of thy Wings
My Soul in Safety keeps :
I follow where my **FATHER** leads
And He supports my Steps.

Monfield!

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PSALM LXIII. Metre 3d.

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble Claim ;
 Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest :
 The Glories that compose thy Name,
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou Great and Good, Thou Just and Wise,
 Thou art my FATHER and my GOD ;
 And I thy Son by sacred Ties,
 Thy Servant purchas'd by thy Blood.

3 With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands,
 For Thee I long, to Thee I look ;
 As Travellers, in thirsty Lands,
 Pant for the cooling Water-Brook.

4 With early Feet I love t'appear
 Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face ;
 For oft I've seen thy Glories there,
 And felt the Pow'r of Sov'reign Grace.

5 Nor Fruits, nor Wines, that tempt our Taste,
 Nor all the Joys our Senses know,
 Could make me so divinely blest,
 Or raise my cheerful Passions so.

6 My Life, itself, without thy Love,
 No Taste of Pleasure could afford,
 Would but a tiresome Burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from the LORD.

7 Amidst the wakeful Hours of Night,
 When busy Cares afflict my Head,
 One Thought of Thee gives new Delight,
 And adds Refreshment to my Bed.

8 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praise ;
And still in this blest Work rejoice,
Till Glory close my Pilgrim-Days.

French

PSALM LXV.

A

1 O THOU, who to my humble Pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,
To Thee shall all Mankind repair,
And at thy glorious Throne appear.

2 Our Sins (though numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing Mercy try ;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,
And washest out the crimson Dye.

3 Blest is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,
Within thy heav'nly Dwelling lives !
While We, at humbler Distance, taste
The sweet Delights thy Temple gives.

Magdalene

PSALM LXV. PART 2.

1 FLOWING from God's exhaustless Store,
His Rain relieves the thirsty Ground ;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and useful Fruits abound.

2 On higher Grounds fresh down it pours,
Then ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills,
Till smiling Plenty blefs the Show'rs
That flow'd from thy eternal Hills.

3 Thy Goodness shall the circling Year,
With still-returning Plenty crown :
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
The fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.

4 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
The cheerful Downs : The Vallies bring
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And seem for Joy to shout and sing.

Falconstreet

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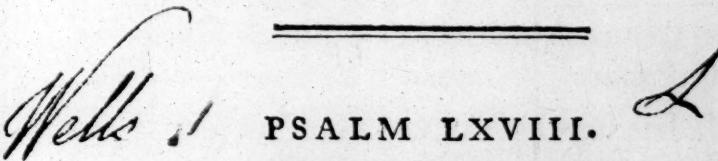
1 **T**O blefs thy chosen Race,
In Mercy, **LORD**, incline ;
And cause the Brightness of thy Face
On all thy Saints to shine.

2 That so thy wond'rous Ways
May through the World be known ;
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

3 Let all the Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame ;
Yea all the World, **O LORD**, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

4 Inspir'd with holy Mirth,
 O let them shout and sing ;
For Thou shalt govern all the Earth,
 The righteous JUDGE and KING.

5 O let the Nations join
 To celebrate thy Fame ;
Yea, all the World, O LORD, combine,
 To praise thy glorious Name.



PSALM LXVIII.

[Proper for Ascension-day.]

1 IN Triumph, THOU, ascending high,
 Captivity hast Captive led,
And richest Treasures from the Sky
 Hast pour'd upon thy People's Head.

2 Ev'n Rebels shall partake thy Grace,
 And humble Profelytes repair
To worship at thy Dwelling-Place,
 The Gentile-World pay Homage there.

3 For Benefits each Day bestow'd,
 Be daily His great Name ador'd,
Who is our SAVIOUR and our GOD,
 Of Life and Death THE SOV'REIGN LORD.

*S. Anns!**G*

PSALM LXXI.

[Proper at the End or the Beginning of a Year.]

- 1 **M**Y GOD, my everlasting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth,
Thy Hands have held my Childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my Youth.
- 2 My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Pow'r,
And all these Limbs of mine ;
And from my Mother's painful Hour,
Thy Care has own'd me thine.
- 3 Still has my Life new Wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry Year ;
Behold my Days which yet remain,
I trust them to thy Care.
- 4 Cast me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs arise ;
And round me let thy Glory shine,
When e'er thy Servant dies.

*Sandwell!**G*

PSALM LXXI. PART 2.

- 1 **M**Y SAVIOUR, my almighty FRIEND,
When I begin thy Praise,
Where will the boundless Numbers end,
That sing unbounded Grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy Goodness I adore ;
And since thy Favors first I knew
I've bless'd th' increasing Store.

3 My Feet shall travel all the Length
 Of the celestial Road,
 And march with Courage, in thy Strength,
 To see my Father, GOD.

4 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
 The Vict'ries of my KING !
 How will my Soul, redeem'd from Hell,
 Of thy Salvation sing !

5 Awake, awake, my noblest Pow'rs ;
 Begin th' enraptur'd Song ;
 I'll entertain my darkest Hours,
 Nor think the Season long.

Warham ! ————— *L*

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain,
 That GOD will to his Saints be kind ;
 That All, whose Hearts are pure and clean,
 Shall His protecting Favour find.

2 Till this sustaining Truth I knew,
 My stagg'ring Feet had almost fail'd ;
 I griev'd the Sinner's Wealth to view,
 And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

3 Yet still, thy Presence strength supply'd,
 And thy Right-Hand Assistance gave :
 Thou first shalt with thy Counsel guide,
 And then to Glory me receive.

4 Whom then in Heav'n, but Thee alone,
 Have I, whose Favour I require ?
 Throughout the spacious Earth are none
 Whom I besides Thee can desire.

5 My trembling Flesh and aking Heart
 May often fail to succour me ;
 But GOD shall inward Strength impart,
 And my eternal Portion be.

Bedford! —————

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
 How lovely is the Place,
 Where THOU, inthron'd in Glory, shew'st
 The Brightness of thy Face !

2 My longing Soul faints with Desire
 To view thy blest Abode :
 My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
 For Thee the living GOD.

3 O LORD OF HOSTS, my KING, and GOD,
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in thy Presence always dwell,
 And there thy Praife display !

4 And happy they, whose Choice has Thee
 Their sure Protection made ;
 Who love to tread the sacred Ways
 That to thy Presence lead !

5 They shall proceed from Strength to Strength,
 And still approach more near,
 Till All on Sion's holy Mount
 Before their GOD appear.

Magdalene. PSALM LXXXIV.

L 55

PSALM LXXXIV. *Metre 2nd.*

- 1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O LORD of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !
With long Desire my Spirit faints,
To meet th' Assembly of thy Saints.
- 2 My Flesh would rest in thine Abode ;
My panting Heart cries out for GOD ;
My GOD ! my KING ! why should I be
So far from all my Joys and THEE ?
- 3 Blest are the Saints who sit on high,
Around thy Throne of Majesty ;
Thy brightest Glories shine above,
Where all the Work is Praise and Love.
- 4 Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace ;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.
- 5 Blest are the Men, whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Sion's Gate ;
God is their Strength; and through the Road,
They lean upon their Helper GOD.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing Strength,
Till All shall meet in Heav'n at length,
Till All before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. Metre 3d.

1 LORD of the Worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are!

To thine Abode
My Heart aspires,
With warm Desires
To see my GOD.

2 O happy Souls that pray
Where GOD appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there!

They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Sion's Hill!

3 They go from Strength to Strength,
Through this dark Vale of Tears,
Till Each arrives at length,
Till Each in Heav'n appears:

O glorious Seat!
And GOD our KING
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

! Newberry

PSALM LXXXVIII.

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PSALM LXXXVI.

1 **T**O my Complaint, O **LORD** my **God**,
Thy gracious Ear incline ;
Hear me distrest, and destitute
Of all Relief but Thine.

2 To me, who daily Thee invoke,
Thy **Mercy**, **LORD**, extend :
Refresh thy Servant's Soul, whose **Hopes**
On Thee alone depend.

3 Thou **LORD** art good—to All art kind ,
And prompt to pardon too ;
Of plenteous **Mercy** to all those
Who for thy **Mercy** sue.

4 Thee will I praise, O **LORD** my **God**,
Praise Thee with Heart sincere ;
And to thy ever-glorious Name,
Eternal Trophies rear.

5 For Thou, with constant Goodness still,
Wilt needful Succour bring—
O Thou, of Pity, Love, and Truth,
The everlasting **SPRING** !

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 **T**O Thee, my **God** and **SAVIOUR**, I
By Day and Night address my Cry ;
Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear ;
And to my Plaint incline thine Ear.

2 For seas of Trouble me invade—
 My Soul is chill'd by Death's cold Shade :
 Ah me ! my Strength and Hopes are fled,
 And I am number'd with the Dead.

3 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
 Afflicting me with restless Pain :
 Me all thy Mountain-Waves have prest,
 Too weak, alas ! to bear the least.

4 To Thee, O **LORD**, I cry forlorn ;
 My Pray'r prevents the early Morn :
 Why hast Thou, **LORD**, my Soul forsook,
 Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look.

Northam ! ————— *6*

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 **B**LEST are the Souls that hear and know
 The Gospel's joyful Sound ;
 Peace shall attend the Paths they go,
 And Light their Steps surround.

2 Their Spirits rise to Joys above,
 Through their **REDEEMER**'s Name ;
 His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
 And frustrates Satan's Aim.

3 The **LORD**, our Glory and Defence,
 Strength and Salvation gives :
Israel, thy **KING** for ever reigns,
 Thy **GOD** for ever lives.

Guinstborough!
PSALM XC.

- 1 O God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come ;
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.
- 2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.
- 3 Before the Hills in Order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
Eternally THE SAME.
- 4 A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Ev'ning gone ;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
Before the rising Sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away ;
They fly, forgotton—as a Dream
Dies at the Dawn of Day.
- 6 O God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come ;
Be Thou our Guide whilst Life shall last,
And our eternal Home.

Hyembo!

PSALM XC. *Metre 2nd.*

1 **L**ORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame!
Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the Name?

2 Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes stay ;
Just like a Flood, our hasty Days
Are sweeping us away.

3 Well, if our Days must fly,
We'll keep their End in Sight,
We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way,
And let them speed their Flight.

4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This Life's tempestuous Sea ;
And land us sooner on the shore
Of blest Eternity.

Hellenes!

PSALM XCII.

1 **H**E that has God his Guardian made,
Shall, under the ALMIGHTY's Shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
Thus to my Soul, of Him I'll say,
HE is thy Fortress and thy Stay,
My GOD, in whom I will confide.

2 His tender Love and watchful Care,
 Shall keep thee safe from Satan's Snare,
 From Sin's destroying Pestilence:
 He over thee his Wings shall spread,
 And cover thy unguarded Head;
 His Truth shall be thy strong Defence.

3 Because (with well-plac'd Confidence)
 Thou mak'st the **LORD** thy sure Defence,
 And on the Highest dost rely;
 Therefore no Ill shall Thee befall,
 Nor to thy peaceful Dwelling shall
 Any infectious Plagues draw nigh.

D. Cooks

 6

PSALM XCII.

1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the **LORD** most high,
 And with repeated Hymns of Praise
 His Name to magnify!

2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn
 His Goodness to relate;
 And of his constant Truth, each Night,
 The glad Effects repeat!

3 For through thy wond'rous Works, **O LORD**,
 Thou mak'st my Heart rejoice:
 The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 And shout with cheerful Voice.

PSALM XCII. *Metre 2nd.*

- 1 **T**HOU who art enthron'd above,
Thou by whom we live and move ;
O how sweet with joyful Tongue
To resound thy Name in Song !
When the Morning paints the Skies,
When the sparkling Stars arise,
All thy Favors to rehearse,
And give Thanks in grateful Verse.
- 2 Sweet the Day of sacred Rest,
When Devotion fills the Breast ;
When we dwell within thy House,
Hear thy Word, and pay our Vows —
Notes to Heav'n's high Mansion raise,
Fill its Courts with joyful Praise ;
Let repeated Hymns proclaim
Great JEHOVAH's awful Name.
- 3 From thy Works our Joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise !
Who thy Wonders can declare ?
How profound thy Counsels are !
Warm our Hearts with sacred Fire,
Grateful Fervours still inspire ;
All our Pow'rs, with all their Might,
Ever in thy Praise unite.

Stonfield!

PSALM XCIII.

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PSALM XCII. Metre 3rd.

- 1 SWEET is the Work, my GOD, my KING,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing;
To shew thy Love by Morning-Light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.
- 2 Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest;
No mortal Cares should seize my Breast:
O may my Heart in tune be found,
Like David's Harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My Heart shall triumph in the LORD,
And bless his Works, and bless his Word:
Thy Works of Grace, how bright they shine,
How deep thy Counsels ! how divine !
- 4 LORD, I shall share a glorious Part,
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart;
When Flesh and Sin no more controul
The sacred Pleasures of my Soul.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
What Mortals cannot reach below;
And all my Pow'rs find sweet employ,
In that eternal World of Joy.

Worham!

PSALM XCIII.

- 1 WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The LORD, that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundation strongly laid,
And the vast Fabric still sustains.

2 How sure-establish'd is thy Throne!
Which shall no Change or Period see;
For Thou, O LORD, and Thou alone,
Art GOD from all Eternity.

3 Thy Promise, LORD, is ever sure;
And They, that in thy House would dwell,
That happy Station to secure,
Must still in Holiness excel.

Abridg'd!

PSALM XCIV.

1 **B**LEST is the Man whom Thou, O LORD,
In Kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred Rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

2 This Man shall Rest and Safety find
In Seasons of Distress,
Whilst GOD prepares a Pit for those
Who stubbornly transgress.

3 For GOD will never from his Saints
His Favour wholly take:
His own Possession and his Lot
He will not quite forsake.

4 Long since had I in Silence slept,
But that the LORD was near,
To stay me when I slipt; when sad
My troubled Heart to chear.

5 Thus my Defence is firmly plac'd
In GOD THE LORD MOST HIGH;
He is my Rock, to which I may
For Refuge always fly.

Wells !

PSALM XCV.

- 1 O Come, loud Anthems let us sing,
Loud Thanks to our almighty King;
For we our Voices high should raise,
When our SALVATION's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank him for his Favours past ;
To him address, in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.
- 3 For GOD THE LORD, enthron'd in State,
Is, with unrival'd Glory, great :
A KING superior far to all
Whom *Gods* the Heathen falsely call.
- 4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her secret Wealth at his Command ;
The Strength of Hills, that reach the Skies,
Subje&cted to his Empire lies.
- 5 O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there ;
Down on our Knees devoutly All,
Before THE LORD our Maker fall.
- 6 He is our GOD ; our Shepherd HE ;
His Flock and pastur'd Sheep are we ;
O let us, like his Flock, draw near ;
His Voice to-day obedient hear.

PSALM XCVI.

[Proper for Christmas Day.]

- 1 SING to the LORD a new-made Song ;
Let Earth in one assembled Throng
Her common Father's Praise resound.
Sing to the LORD, and bless his Name,
From Day to Day his Praise proclaim,
Who us has with SALVATION crown'd.
To heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His Wonders to the Universe.
- 2 Proclaim aloud JEHOVAH *reigns*,
Whose Pow'r the Universe sustains,
And banish'd Justice will restore.
Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express ;
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar ;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.
- 3 For Joy let fertile Vallies sing,
And Groves their cheerful Tribute bring,
And Man to Extasies awake,
THE LORD's Approach to celebrate ;
Who now sets out in humble State,
His Dwelling on the Earth to make :
From Heav'n, to save the World, He's come ;
To save lost Man, and call him home.

PSALM C.

- 1 **A** LL People that on Earth do dwell,
Sing to the **LORD** with cheerful Voice ;
Him serve with Fear ; his Praise forth-tell ;
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
- 2 The **LORD**, ye know, is **GOD** indeed ;
Without our Aid, He did us make ;
We are his Flock ; He doth us feed ;
And, for his sheep, He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his Gates with Praise ;
Approach with Joy his Courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bleſs his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? The **LORD** our **GOD** is good ;
His Mercy is for ever ſure ;
His Truth at all Times firmly stood,
And ſhall from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. *Version 2nd.*

- 1 **B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne
Ye Nations bow with ſacred Joy :
Know that the **LORD** is **GOD** alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His foſ'reign Pow'r, without our Aid,
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men :
And when, like wand'ring Sheep, we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy Courts with thankful Songs ;
 High as the Heav'ns our Voices raise ;
 And Earth with her Ten-Thousand Tongues,
 Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

4 Wide as the World is Thy Command !
 Vast as Eternity thy Love !
 Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand,
 When rolling Years shall cease to move.

Magdalene! L

PSALM CIII.

1 MY Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,
 God's holy Name for ever blefs ;
 Of all his Favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful Thanks express.

2 'Tis HE that all thy Sins forgives,
 And after Sickness makes thee sound ;
 From Danger HE thy Life retrieves ;
 By Him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

3 The LORD abounds with tender Love
 And unexampled Acts of Grace :
 His waken'd Wrath doth slowly move ;
 His willing Mercy flies apace.

4 GOD will not always harshly chide,
 But with his Anger quickly part,
 And loves his Punishments to guide,
 More by his Love than our Desert.

Newport!

PSALM CIII. *Version 2nd.*

- 1 BLESS, O my Soul, the living GOD,
Call home my Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Powers within me join
In Work and Worship so divine.
- 2 Blest, O my Soul, the GOD of GRACE;
His Favours claim thy highest Praise:
Why should the Wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in Silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis HE, my Soul, that sent his SON
To die for Crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the Ransom, and forgives
The hourly Follies of our Lives.
- 4 The VICES of the Mind HE heals,
And cures the PAINS that NATURE feels;
Redeems the SOUL from HELL; and saves
Our wasting LIFE from threat'ning GRAVES.
- 5 Let the whole EARTH his POW'R confess;
Let the whole EARTH adore his GRACE;
The GENTILE with the JEW combine
In WORK and WORSHIP so divine.

St Georges

PSALM CIII. *Metre 2nd.*

- 1 MY Soul, give Praise unto the LORD,
My Spirit do the same;
And all the Secrets of my Heart
Praise YE his holy Name.

2 Praise thou the **LORD**, my Soul, who hath
To thee been very kind ;
And suffer not his Benefits
To perish from thy Mind.

3 That did redeem thy Life from Death,
From which thou could'st not flee :
His Mercy and compassion both
He did extend to thee.

4 The **LORD** is kind and merciful,
When Sinners do Him grieve ;
The slowest to conceive a Wrath,
The readiest to forgive.

5 He doth remove our Sins from us,
And our offences all,
As far as the Sun-rising is
Full distant from his Fall.

St Paul ! — — — — —

PSALM CIII. PART 2. *Version 3rd.*

1 **M**Y Soul, repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great ;
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 **G**D will not always chide ;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

3 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the Ground we tread,
 So far the Riches of his Grace
 Our highest Thoughts exceed.

4 The Pity of the **LORD**
 'To those who fear his Name,
 Is such as tender Parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble Frame.

5 Our Days are as the Grafts,
 Or like the Morning-Flow'r :
 If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,
 It withers in an Hour.

6 But thy Compassions, **LORD**,
 To endless Years endure ;
 And Children's Children ever find
 Thy Word of Promise sure.

Cambridge, 1. mew

PSALM CV.

1 **O** Render Thanks, and bless the **LORD**,
 Invoke his sacred Name ;
 Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
 His matchless Deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his Praise in lofty Hymns,
 His wond'rous Works rehearse ;
 Make them the Theme of your Discourse,
 The Subject of your Verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
Who humbly seek the **LORD**.

4 Seek Ye the **LORD**, his saving Strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And, where He's ever present, seek
His Face for ever more.

5 O let the Works his Hands have wrought
Your Admiration move ;
Think on the Judgments of his Mouth,
And Wonders of his Love.

6 His Cov'nant which He kept in Mind
For num'rous Ages past,
To num'rous Ages yet behind
In equal Force shall last.

Stonfield! —

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love,
Whose Mercy firm through Ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise ?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never stray,
Who know the Right, nor only so,
But always practice what they know.

4 Extend to me that Favour, **LORD**,
Thou to thy Chosen dost afford ;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove, to see
Thy saints in full prosperity !
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.

Northam!

PSALM CVIII.

1 O God, my Heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name ;
My Tongue, with cheerful Songs of Praise,
Shall celebrate thy Fame.

2 To all the list'ning Tribes, O **LORD**,
Thy Wonders I will tell,
And to those Nations sing thy Praise
That round about us dwell.

3 Because thy Mercy's boundless Height
The highest Heav'n transcends ;
And far beyond the loftiest Clouds
Thy Faithfulness extends.

4 Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high
 Above the starry Frame ;
 And let the World, with one Consent,
 Confess thy glorious Name.

5 That all thy chosen People Thee
 Their SAVIOUR may declare,
 Let thy Right-Hand protect us still,
 And answer Thou our Pray'r.

Well now !

PSALM CXI.

1 PRAISE Ye THE LORD—Our GOD to praise
 My Soul her utmost Pow'rs shall raise,
 With private Friends ; and in the Throng
 Of Saints, His Praise shall be my Song.

2 His Works, for Greatness though renown'd,
 His wond'rous Works with Ease are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious Search delight.

5 His Works are all of matchless Fame,
 And universal Glory claim ;
 His Truth, confirm'd through Ages past,
 Shall to eternal Ages last.

4 By precept He has us enjoin'd,
 To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind ;
 And to Posterity record,
 That *Good and Gracious is the LORD.*

5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Hath all his Servants' Wants supply'd ;
And He will ever keep in mind,
His Cov'nant with our Fathers sign'd.

6 Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,
Must with the Fear of GOD begin :
Immortal Praise, and heav'nly Skill
Have they, who know and do his Will.

Hollens ! —

PSALM CXII.

[The three first Stanzas of this Psalm, are particularly suitable on Occasion of any public Charity.]

1 THAT Man is blest, who stands in Awe
Of GOD, and loves his sacred Law :
His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd ;
His House, the Seat of Peace, shall be
An unexhausted Treasury,
And with successive Blessings crown'd.

2 His lib'ral Favours he extends ;
To some he gives, to others lends ;
A gen'rrous Pity fills his Mind ;
Yet, what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs,
And thus is just to all Mankind.

3 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd :—
The sweet Remembrance of the Just,
Like a green Root, revives and bears
A Train of Blessings for his Heirs,
When dying Nature sleeps in Dust.

4 Beset with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd, the Just maintains his Ground;
His Conscience holds his Courage up:
The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night,
And sees in Darkness Beams of Hope.

5 Ill Tidings never can surprise
His Heart, that fix'd on GOD relies,
Though Waves and Tempests roar around:
Safe on the Rock, he sits and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.

6 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony,
To find their Expectations crost:
They and their Envy, Pride, and Spite,
Sink down to everlasting Night,
They and their Names in Darkness lost.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the LORD,
The Triumphs of his Name record,
His sacred Name for ever bleſs:
Where'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or ſetting Rays,
Due Praife to his great Name addreſs.

2 GOD through the World extends his Sway ;
 The Regions of eternal Day
 But Shadows of his Glory are :
 With Him, whose Majesty excels,
 Who made the Heav'n in which He dwells,
 Let no created Pow'r compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his State to view
 In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
 Yet He to Earth vouchsafes his Care :
 He takes the Needy from his Cell,
 Advancing him on high to dwell,
 And equal to the Angels there.

PSALM CXIII. *Version 2nd.*

1 YE Children which do serve the LORD ,
 Praise Ye his Name with one Accord ;
 Yea, blest for ever be his Name :
 Who from the rising of the Sun,
 Till it return where it begun,
 Is to be praised with great Fame.

2 The LORD all People doth surmount ;
 As for his Glory, we may count
 Above the highest Heav'n's to be.
 With GOD THE LORD who may compare,
 Whose Dwellings in the Heavens are ?
 Of such Almighty Pow'r is He !

3 He doth abase himself, we know,
 Things to behold on Earth below,
 And things that are in Heav'n above :
 Yet from the Dust the Poor he'll raise,
 The helpless Poor, to sing his Praise ;
 And thus to Man his Mercy prove.

*Ans!**Q*

- 1 **I** Love the **LORD**; because the Voice
Of my Pray'r heard hath **He**;
I'll ever call on **Him**, because
He bow'd his Ear to me.
- 2 E'en when the Snares of dreaded Death
About beset me round;
When Pains of Hell me caught; and when
I Woe and sorrow found;
- 3 Upon the Name of **GOD THE LORD**,
Then did **I** call, and say
Deliver Thou my Soul, **O LORD**,
I do Thee humbly pray.
- 4 The **LORD** is very merciful,
And just **He** is also;
And in our **GOD** Compassion doth
Most plentifully flow.

*Irish!**Q*

- 1 **M**Y Soul with grateful Thoughts of **Love**
Entirely is possest,
Because the **LORD** vouchsaf'd to hear
The Voice of my Request.
- 2 Since he hath now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of Life
To **Him** address my Pray'r.

3 How just and merciful is GOD !
 How gracious is the LORD !
 He saves the Helpless, and to me
 Did timely Aid afford.

4 Then, free from pensive Cares, my Soul,
 Resume thy wonted Rest ;
 For GOD has wond'rously to thee
 His bounteous Love exprest.

5 When Death alarm'd me, He remov'd ;
 My Danger and my Fears :
 My Feet from falling He secur'd,
 And dry'd my Eyes from Tears.

6 Therefore, my Life's remaining Years,
 Which GOD to me shall lend,
 Will I in Praises to his Name,
 And in his Service spend.

 Anteque !

 PSALM CXVII.

1 FROM All that dwell below the Skies,
 Let the CREATOR's Praise arise :
 Let the REDEEMER's Name be sung
 Through ev'ry Land, by ev'ry Tongue.

2 Eternal are thy Mercies, LORD ;
 Eternal Truth attends thy Word :
 Thy Praise shall found from Shore to Shore,
 Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

Irish !

PSALM CXVIII.

Co

[Proper for Easter-day.]

- 1 NOW open wide the Temple-Gates,
To which the Just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great DELIV'RER there.
- 2 That which the Builders once refus'd,
Is now the Corner-Stone:
This is the wond'rous Work of GOD,
The Work of GOD alone.
- 3 This Day is GOD's: let all the Land
Exalt their cheerful Voice:
LORD, we beseech Thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

Falcon Street

PSALM CXVIII. Metre 2d.

- 1 SEE, What a living Stone
The Builders did forego!
Yet GOD hath built his Church thereon,
In Spite of ev'ry Foe.
- 2 The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject GOD's only SON;
Yet on this Rock shall Sion rest,
As the Chief Corner-Stone.
- 3 The Work, O LORD, is thine,
And wond'rous in our Eyes:
This Day declares it all divine,
This Day did JESUS rise.

4 This is the glorious Day,
 Which our REDEEMER made ;
 Let all the Church rejoice in Him,
 And ev'ry Soul be glad.

Not. ham! C

PSALM CXIX.

1 HOW blest are they, who always keep
 The pure and perfect Way !
 Who never from the sacred Paths
 Of GOD's Commandments stray !

2 How blest ! who to his righteous laws
 Have still obedient been !
 And have with fervent, humble zeal
 His Favour sought to win !

3 Such Men their utmost Caution use
 To shun each wicked Deed ;
 And in the Path which He directs
 With constant Care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, LORD,
 To learn thy sacred Will ;
 And all our Diligence employ
 Thy Statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy Will
 Might o'er my Ways preside !
 And I the Course of all my Life
 By thy Direction guide.

PSALM CXIX. PART 2.

1 O LORD, my God, my Portion Thou
And sure Possession art:
Thy words I stedfastly resolve
To treasure in my Heart.

2 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
No Language can display;
They with fresh Wonders entertain
My ravish'd Thoughts all Day.

3 How sweet are all thy Words to me!
O what divine Repast!
How much more grateful to my Soul,
Than Honey to my Taste!

4 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
The Way of Truth to show;
A Watch-Light to point out the Path
In which I ought to go.

5 My Hiding-Place, my Refuge-Tow'r,
And Shield art Thou, O LORD;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
On thy unerring Word.

Marshfield!

PSALM CXXI.

C

1 TO Sion's Hill I lift my Eyes
From thence expecting Aid;
From Sion's Hill—from Sion's God,
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.

2 Shelter'd beneath th' ALMIGHTY's Wings
I shall securely rest;

Where no more Sun or Moon can me
By Day or Night molest.

3 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
My GOD will me defend;

And guide me through Life's Pilgrimage,
Safe to my Journey's End.

! Hitchin

PSALM CXXV.

1 THOSE that do place their Confidence
Upon the LORD our GOD only,

And flee to Him for their Defence
In all their Need and Mifery,

Their Faith is sure
Still to endure,

Grounded on CHRIST, the Corner-Stone;

Mov'd with no Ill,
But standeth still

Stedfast, like to the Mount Sion.

2 And, as about Jerusalem,

The mighty Hills do it compass;
So that no Foes can come to them,
To hurt that Town in any Case;

So GOD indeed,
In ev'ry Need,

His faithful People doth defend,
Standing them by

Affuredly,

Their Guard and everlasting Friend.

Markham !

L

PSALM CXXV. Metre 2nd.

1 **W**HO trust in GOD's protecting Hand,
Secure on Sion's Mount shall stand,
That, Proof to Ages, meets the Skies,
And fix'd, each adverse Shock defies.

2 Behold fair *Salem's* hallow'd Ground
By shadowing Hills encompas'd round ;
Thy Presence thus, Great GOD, we trace,
Incircling *Jacob's* chosen Race.

3 Ne'er on the Lot by these possess'd
Shall impious Pow'r its Sceptre rest,
Lest Sin, establish'd into Law,
Their Hearts from thy Obedience draw.

4 O still our Guardian, still our Friend,
Thy Mercies to the Just extend,
Nor ever from our Souls remove
The Consolations of thy Love.

Ayenho !

PSALM CXXX.

1 **F**ROM lowest Depths of Woe
To GOD I sent my Cry,
LORD hear my supplicating Voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Should'st Thou severely judge,
Who can the Trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'st ; lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

3 My Soul with Patience waits
For Thee the living **LORD** :
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
Thy never-failing Word.

4 My longing Eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning Ray;
More duly than the Morning-Watch,
To spy the dawning Day.

5 Let *Israel* trust in **God**,
No Bounds his Mercy knows ;
The plenteous Source and Spring, from
whence
Eternal Succour flows.

6 Whose friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey ;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse
And wash our Guilt away.

Warham !

 L

PSALM CXXXI.

1 IS there in me a lofty Heart?
Meek SAVIOUR, Thou thy Grace impart !
Let no vain Pomp attract my View,
Nor Honor's Prize my Thoughts pursue.

2 Create in me Affections mild,
And form me humble as a Child,
That meek and silent sinks to rest,
Wean'd from the tender Parent's Breast.

3 O, kinder than that Parent, see
Thy MAKER, *Israel*, cherish thee :
To latest Times on Him depend,
Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

Baglestreet —

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty LORD
Your joyful Thanks repeat ;
To Him due Praise afford,
As good as he is great :
For God does prove
Our constant Friend ;
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

2 He, in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favor thought
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought :
For God does prove
Our constant Friend ;
His boundless Love
Shall never End.

3 He does the Food supply
On which all Creatures live :
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal Praises give :
For God will prove
Our constant Friend :
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

Faversham

PSALM CXXXVI. Metre 2nd.

1 **L**ET us with a gladsome Mind
Praise the **LORD**, for He is kind ;
For his Mercies do endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of Gods He is **THE GOD** ;
For his Mercies do endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 His own People He will bless,
Guide them through the Wilderness ;
For his Mercies do endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath with a piteous Eye
Seen us in our Misery ;
For his Mercies do endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Freed us from the Slavery
Of our cruel Enemy ;
For his Mercies do endure ,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 All his Creatures He doth feed,
With full Hand supplies their Need ;
For his Mercies do endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us therefore warble forth
His majestic Name and Worth ;
For his Mercies will endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*Wells!**L*

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 **W**ITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue
I'll praise my MAKER in my Song:
Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

2 I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, **L**ORD,
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Pow'r and Glory shew.

3 To GOD I cry'd when Troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes:
He did my rising Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd through all my Soul.

4 Amidst a thousand Snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand:
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows, or from Sins:
The Work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

French

PSALM CXXXIX.*L*

1 **T**HOU **L**ORD by strictest Search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret Thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
My public Haunts and private Ways ;
Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.

3 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand :
Where, **LORD**, could I thy Influence shun ?
Or, whither from thy Presence run ?

4 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

5 Or, should I try to shun thy Sight,
Beneath the fable Wings of Night ;
One Glance from Thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkness into Day.

6 The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Skreen from thy all-searching Eyes ;
In midnight Shades Thou see'st my Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

Stonfield! ————— *L*

PSALM CXXXIX. PART 2.

1 I'LL praise Thee, from whose Hands I came,
A Work of such a curious Frame ;
The Wonders Thou in me hast shown,
My Soul with grateful Joy shall own.

2 Thine Eyes my Substance did survey,
Whilst yet a lifeless Mass it lay;
In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark Inclosure brought.

3 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

4 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Evil lurk in any Part,
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

Horridge!

PSALM CXLV.

1 **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and KING,
Thy endless Praife proclaim:
This Tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bleſſ thy Name.

2 Thou LORD beyond Compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundleſs Height,
Above our Knowledge rais'd.

3 The Praife that to thy Love belongs,
I will with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all my grateful Songs
Shall be the constant Theme.

4 The **LORD** is good ; fresh Acts of Grace
 His Pity still supplies ;
 His Anger moves with slowest Pace,
 His willing Mercy flies.

Nayland — *Ep*

PSALM CXLV. PART 2.

1 **S**WEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
 My God, my heav'nly KING !
 Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
 In Sounds of Glory sing.

2 **G**D reigns on high, but not confines
 His Goodness to the Skies ;
 Through the whole Earth his Goodness
 shines,
 And ev'ry Want supplies.

3 With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
 On Thee for daily Food ;
 Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
 And fills their Mouths with Good.

4 How kind are thy Compassions, **LORD** !
 How flow thine Anger moves !
 But soon He sends his pard'ning Word,
 To cheer the Soul He loves.

5 Creatures with all their endless Race,
 Thy Pow'r and Praife proclaim !
 May We, who taste thy richer Grace,
 Delight to bless thy Name.

Irish!

PSALM CXLVI.

Ep

- 1 O Praise the **LORD** : and thou, my Soul,
For ever bless his Name :
His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,
My constant Praise shall claim.
- 2 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
Let none for Aid rely :
They cannot save in dang'rous Times,
Nor timely Help apply.
- 3 But, happy He, who *Jacob's* **God**
For his Protector takes ;
Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the **LORD**
His constant Refuge makes.
- 4 The **LORD**, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast Truth,
Nor make his Promise vain.
- 5 The **God** that does in *Sion* dwell,
Is our eternal **KING** :
From Age to Age his Reign endures ;
Let all his Praises sing.

*J' Hellenos!*PSALM CXLVI. *Metre 2nd.*

- 1 I 'LL Praise my MAKER with my Breath ;
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs ;
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life, and Thought, and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

2 Happy the Man, whose Hopes rely
 On *Israel's* **GOD** ! He made the Sky,
 And Earth, and Seas, with all their Train:
 His Truth for ever stands secure:
 He saves th' oppres'd: He feeds the Poor:
 And None shall find his Promise vain.

3 The **LORD** gives Eye-Sight to the Blind :
 The **LORD** supports the fainting Mind ;
 And sends the lab'ring Conscience Peace :
 He helps the Stranger in Distress,
 The Widow and the Fatherless ;
 And grants the Pris'ner sweet Release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me Breath ;
 And when my Voice is lost in Death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler Pow'rs :
 My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
 While Life, and Thought, and Being last,
 Or Immortality endures.

Magdalene — *L*

PSALM CXLVII.

1 PRAISE Ye the **LORD** — 'Tis good to raise
 Our Hearts and Voices in his Praife:
 His Nature and his Works invite
 To make this Duty our Delight.

2 The **LORD** builds up *Jerusalem*,
 And gathers Nations to his Name ;
 His Mercy melts the stubborn Soul,
 And makes the broken Spirit whole.

3 He form'd the Stars, those heav'nly Flames ;
 He counts their Numbers, calls their Names ;
 His Wisdom's vast, and knows no Bound ;
 A Deep, where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our LORD, and great his Might,
 And all his Glories infinite :
 He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,
 And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

Wells ! — — — — — *L*

PSALM CXLVII. PART 2.

1 SING to the LORD ; exalt him high,
 Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky ;
 There He prepares the fruitful Rain,
 Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

2 He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling Fields with Corn :
 The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
 And the young Ravens when they cry.

3 What is the Creatures' Skill or Force ?
 The sprightly Man, the warlike Horse ?
 The nimble Wit ; the active Limb ;
 All are too mean Delights for Him.

4 But Saints are lovely in his Sight ;
 He views his Children with Delight :
 He sees their Hope : He knows their Fear :
 He looks, and loves his Image there.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 YE boundless Realms of Joy,
Exalt your MAKER's Fame:
His Praise your Song employ
Above the starry Frame:
Your Voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim
To sing his Praise.

2 Thou Moon that rul'st the Night,
And Sun that guid'st the Day.
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To Him your Homage pay.
His Praise declare,
Ye Heav'n's above,
And Clouds that move
In yielding Air.

3 Let them adore the LORD,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty Word
They All from Nothing came:
And all shall last,
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever fast.

4 O Man, thy Zeal be shown,
His wond'rous Fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.
Earth's utmost Ends
His Pow'r obey:
His glorious Sway
The Sky transcends.

5 His chosen Saints to Grace,
 He sets them up on high;
 And favours *Israel's* Race,
 Who still to him are nigh.
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful Voice,
 And still rejoice
 THE LORD to praise.

! St George —

PSALM CXLIX.

1 O Praise ye the LORD;
 Prepare your glad Voice,
 His Praise in the great
 Assembly to sing:
 In CHRIST the REDEEMER
 Let *Israel* rejoice;
 And Children of *Sion*
 Be glad in their KING.

2 Let them his great Name
 Extol in their Songs;
 With well-tuned Hearts
 His Praises express;
 Who listens with Pleasure
 To hear their glad Tongues,
 And waits with Salvation
 The Humble to bless.

3 With Glory adorn'd
 His People shall sing
 To GOD, who their Heads
 With Safety does shield ;
 Such Honour and Triumph
 His Favour shall bring—
 O therefore, for ever
 All Praise to Him yield.

Mary Magdalene! L

PSALM CL.

1 O PRAISE the LORD in that bleſt Place,
 From whence his Goodneſs largely flows ;
 Praise Him in Heav'n, where He his Face
 Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.

2 Praise Him for all the mighty Acts
 Which He in our Behalf has done ;
 His Kindneſs this Return exacts,
 With which our Praise should equal run.

3 Let All, who vital Breath enjoy,
 The Breath He does to them afford,
 In just Return of Praise employ ;
 Let ev'ry Creature praise the LORD.

THE END OF THE PSALMS.

*st. James**Co*

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, eternal GOD,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the FATHER and the SON,
The GOD of Peace and Love.

2 Visit our Minds ; and all our Hearts
With heav'ly Grace inspire ;
That Truth and Godliness we may
Pursue with full Desire.

3 THOU art the very COMFORTER
In Grief and all Distress,
The heav'ly Gift of GOD most high,
No Tongue can it express :

4 The Fountain and the living Spring
Of Joy celestial ;
The Fire so bright, the Love so sweet,
The Unction spiritual.

5 THOU in thy Gifts art manifold ;
By them Christ's Church doth stand :
In faithful Hearts THOU writ'st thy Law,
The Finger of GOD's Hand.

6 O HOLY GHOST, into our Minds
Send down thy heav'ly Light ;
Kindle our Hearts with fervent Zeal,
To serve GOD Day and Night.

7 Our Weakness strengthen and confirm,
(For, LORD, thou know'st us frail)
That neither Devil, World, nor Flesh,
Against us may prevail.

St Hellen's

Metre 2d.

1 COME, HOLY GHOST, our Souls inspire,
And lighten with thy heav'nly Fire.

THOU the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold Gifts impart:
Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love.

2 Enable with perpetual Light
The Dulness of our blinded Sight:
Anoint and cheer our soiled Face
With the Abundance of thy Grace:
Keep far our Foes; give Peace at home;
Where THOU art Guide, no Ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And THEE, our GOD, the great THREE-ONE;
That through the Ages all along,
This, This may be our endless Song—
Let Earth and Heaven, with all their Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

A. Arns

A PRAYER TO THE HOLY GHOST;
TO BE SUNG BEFORE SERMON.

1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, GOD of Might,
The Comforter of All,
Teach us to know and do thy Word,
That we may never fall.

2 O HOLY SPIRIT, guide aright
 The Preachers of thy Word,
 That THOU, through them, may'st cut down
 sin
 With thy all-conq'ring Sword.

3 Depart not from thy Pastors pure,
 But aid them at their Need ;
 Who break to us that Bread of Life,
 On which our Souls must feed.

4 Convert all those that are our Foes ;
 O bring them to thy Light !
 That they and we may well agree,
 And praise GOD Day and Night.

French

A PRAYER AFTER SERMON.

THY Spirit grant to us, O LORD ;
 To keep thy Laws, our Hearts restore ;
 And cause us all with one accord,
 To praise thy Name for evermore.

1st Notes

THE LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

1 O LORD, turn not thy Face away
 From him that lies prostrate,
 Lamenting sore his sinful Life,
 Before thy Mercy-Gate.

2 Which Thou dost open wide, to those
That do lament their Sin :
O shut it not against me, **LORD**,
But let me enter in.

3 O call me not to strict Account
How I have lived here !
For then, I know right well, **O LORD**,
Most vile I must appear.

4 Mercy, good **LORD** ; Mercy I ask ;
This is the total Sum ;
For Mercy, **LORD**, is all my suit :
O let thy Mercy come.

GLORIA PATRI.

1 **T**O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

2 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Immortal Glory be ;
As was, and is, and shall be still,
To all Eternity.

3 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Be endless Praises giv'n ;
Who sav'd our Souls, when wand'ring lost,
And gave us Hopes of Heav'n.

4 Hail ! HOLY, HOLY, HOLY **LORD** !
Be endless Praise to THEE ;
Supreme, essential ONE, ador'd
In co-eternal THREE.

5 Give to the FATHER Praise,
Give Glory to the SON,
And to the SPIRIT of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

6 Sing we to our GOD above
Praise eternal as his Love:
Praise HIM, all ye heav'ly Host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

7 To th' eternal THREE be giv'n
Praise on Earth, and Praise in Heav'n;
Such as was through Ages past,
Is, and shall for ever last.

8 Praise GOD, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise HIM, all Creatures here below;
Praise HIM above, ye heav'ly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

9 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD, whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,
And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When Earth and Heav'n shall be no more.

10 Now to the great and sacred THREE,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, be
Eternal Praise and glory giv'n,
Through all the Worlds where GOD is known,
By all the Angels near the Throne,
By all the Saints in Earth and Heav'n.

HYMNS SUNG BY CHILDREN EDUCATED IN
Clark's SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

- 1 HEAR, LORD, the Voice of Praise and Pray'r
 In Heav'n thy Dwelling-Place,
 From Children made the public Care,
 And taught to seek thy Face.
- 2 Thanks for thy Word, and for thy Day ;
 And grant us we implore,
 Never to waste in sinful Play
 Thy holy Sabbaths more.
- 3 Thanks that we hear,—But, oh ! impart
 To each, Desires sincere ;
 That we may listen with our Heart,
 And learn as well as hear.
- 4 Wisdom and bliss thy Word bestows,
 A Sun that ne'er declines ;
 And be thy Mercy shov'r'd on those
 Who plac'd us where it shines.

Worship —————

- 1 HOW sad, how wretched is our State,
 What Heart can think ? what Tongue relate ?
 As soon as born, we go astray,
 And learn to tread the wicked Way :—
- 2 To wander prone from Virtue's Path,
 And downward tread the Ways of Death ;
 While bad examples all around,
 And Snares in ev'ry step are found.
- 3 Ah ! who can bend the stubborn Will ?
 Or change the Heart so prone to Ill ?
 Who will direct our giddy Youth,
 And guide us in the Path of Truth ?

4 Where is the Fount, whose living Stream,
Can make polluted Nature clean?
Who's is the Hand—Let Kindness tell—
The Hand, to save our Soul's from Hell?

5 'Tis HE, whose Pity Thousands prove,
Instructed in the Law of Love:
'Tis HE, whose Death Example gave,
That HE had Pow'r and Will to save:

6 'Tis HE, who open'd Mercy's Door,
And preach'd the Gospel to the Poor:
To save the Lost, from Heav'n HE came;
And JESUS is the Saviour's Name.

7 To THEE we look, our Saviour dear;
O let us find thy tend'rest Care:
Our youthful Crimes, O LORD, forgive,
And all our Misery relieve.

8 O form our Lives to speak thy Praise;
Our Hearts to love Thee all our Days:
Oh! may we ever faithful prove,
And never sin against thy Love.

THE END.



3

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14

When Zion's God her sons rec'd
From long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing drear
Of what they wish'd to see.

2
But, soon in unaccustom'd mirth,
They did their voice employ
To sing their great RESTORER's praise
With thankful hymns of joy

3

Nor less for us our God h' -
From sin - From Satan
In Jesus' name our souls can
A more splendidous deed.

4

Eternal mirth; immortal Deeds
Our voices shall employ;
We sing our Great REDEEMER
In thankful Hymns of joy!

to Praise

To Father Son and Holy Ghost
Be endless praises given -
Who saved us when we wandered lost.
And gave us hopes of Heaven.

